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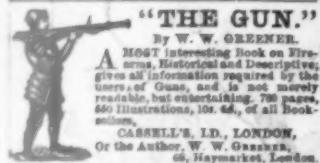
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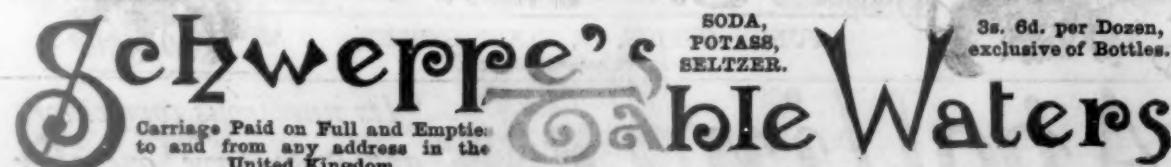


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POTASS,
SELTZER.



UNDER THE HAMMER.

SCENE.—*The Imperial Auction and Mart, Palace Yard.*

Auctioneer (whose hat has the initials, C. S. P., inside). Gen'lemen. I need hardly say, I'm extremely pleased to see such a large attendance at this, one of the most important auctions that ever took place, even in this spot. I needn't dilate on the circumstances that have brought us together, and put the immensely valuable property, which I am instructed to bring before your notice, into the market. Nor need I mention, as you are all aware of it, that if twenty, or even ten years ago, anybody had said that a scene like this could have occurred, he would have been called a downright liar. Gen'lemen, if you'll excuse strong expression. But here you are, Gen'lemen, and here I am! And what I am this day instructed to offer, without any reserve, by my clients, the Irish People, is all that magnificent estate, described in the catalogue, and situated in the region of their left breasts. I mean their hearts, Gen'lemen. Yes, what I put up for sale to-day, is the gratitude and contentment of the Irish Nation. With that exordium, Gen'lemen, I think I need say no more. (Cheers.) Now, what offers? Don't all speak at once!

A Voice (apparently proceeding from a Gentleman who afterwards gave his name as L-rd H-rt-ngt-n). Am I to understand, Mr. Auctioneer, that the whole of this property is for sale, and that all the tenants concur in the desire to sell?

Auctioneer. Ah, the Gen'lemen over there no doubt refers to the Ulster portion of the estate. (Feelingly.) Gen'lemen, I will not conceal from you the fact that there has been a slight hesitation, I will say more, on the part of the possessors of that part of the property to see the whole put up to auction. But—

The Voice. Twopence halfpenny!

Auctioneer (astonished). Twopence-halfpenny! Gen'lemen, I appeal to you. Only twopence-halfpenny offered for this magnificent property—

The Voice. It ain't worth more, with the Ulster part knocked off.

Auctioneer. I am instructed by my clients that if they are left alone with the Ulster tenants, they will very soon bring them to reason. (Laughter.) But, Gen'lemen, why should we delay, over so trifling a matter as this? Twopence-halfpenny, I regret to say, is the only bid, so far.

A Stranger (supposed to come from Birmingham, and wearing an

eyeglass, decisively). Five hundred pounds down, five hundred more in notes of hand payable by the British Democracy at some future day, and a fine new Local Government Board.

Auctioneer. Couldn't think of it.

Stranger. I should be willing, in addition, to knock down the old Castle on the estate, and build it up again from a modern design.

Auctioneer (firmly). Not half enough. (Pleasantly.) I am sure Gen'lemen, that if there is any knocking down to be done, you will agree that I am the person to do that. (Laughter.) Just think, Gen'lemen, here's this glorious historic estate, never before in the market, offered actually without any reserve, and—

A Youth, with a moustache (mounted on a chair, excitedly). I bid anything you like to ask, Mr. Auctioneer. My political reputation! (Loud laughter.) Anything!

[Is pulled off his chair by a person with a black beard, supposed to be his keeper, and taken away.

Auctioneer. As I was saying, Gen'lemen, when that random interruption—(laughter)—occurred, here's an opportunity that may never occur again—never!

A Gentleman with a high collar (aside). Don't know if I ought. Perhaps it's imprudent. I thought, too, that black-bearded person would have made a big bid—it's his place to. My previous purchases in same market not been very successful, certainly. Never mind, here goes! (Aloud.) I bid a Parliament in Dublin, Mr. Auctioneer.

Auctioneer (cheerfully). Come, this looks like business. And control of the police on the estate?

Same Gentleman. Well—er—perhaps—er—in the dim and distant future—

Auctioneer (peremptorily). Won't do! Now or never's the word. Any more offers? (Long pause.) Then (sadly) in accordance with my instructions, I am reluctantly compelled to buy in this property myself. The auction is over. Won't the tenants on the estate kick up a shindy, just!

[Descends from his rostrum. Curtain.

Effects of the Season.

"*THESE* Christmas decorations are so jolly!"

She cried, zeal shining in her orbs of blue.

"*Don't* you like Laurel gleaming under Holly?"

He answered: "I love Mistletoe over Yew!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS. THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Distinguished Amateur. "Yes; we used to be great friends once, Fitz-Morris and I; but somehow, now, he never loses an opportunity of doing me a bad turn!"

Snarle. "Did you ever paint his portrait?"

D. A. "Yes; and exhibited it, and made him a present of it after!"

Snarle. "Ah, that accounts for it all!"

ROBERT'S ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I AM a setting quite quiet and cumferal in my nice little room, all alone by myself. The boys is all away, and my better arf is gone out a shopping for a hole sixpennorth of New Year's Cards all the way to Hislinton, coz there they're only fippence. So as Fryday will be New Year's Day, allus a day for carn反映shun, I shall at wunce proceed to lay out my derangements, I thinks they calls 'em, for the New Year. I begins, naturally as I thinks, with the feanashal department. With £12 14s. in the ouse, and a few trifles owed me by waryous guvverners, I starts clear with about £20. How many can say as much? And I am at peace with hall the wurd. Even that little matter with Brown is all settled. He suddenly did call me a week-need Waiter before my feller men; and as an Ed waiter is almost allus on the stares, up or down, it was of coarse a werry severe blow to my deshiciency, and I felt it according; but wen he hexplained as he did not mean it fizically, but only morally and hinterleksally, of course I was sattisfide, and we shook both our ands artily.

Well, of course, we begins our New Year, the nite afore, with our customary Swarly, for which I stands in a rotation for Cheerman, and altho our Maynew may be called simpel, our appytites is good, and our speaches short and sharp. There will be jest one clowd a clowding of our manly brows, and that's the distant roomer that again comes home to us in a woice of thunder, namely that the Turtel Farmers of Florrydear have enounced the meloncholy fact that the supply of their sillybrated crop is rappidly deminishing! Wot first strikes the Ed waiter is the startling statement that Farmers grows Turtel. In my total ignorance of natteral histery I thort as

SYMPATHY.

Mr. Punch to two Illustrious Fellow Sufferers.

AH! yes, my ALFRED, WILLIAM, mine,
It is a penalty of greatness!
Small use the crushing word "Decline,"
Still less articulate irateness!
They flow, they flow, and still they flow,
A torrent that no consciencee fettters,
No taste restrains; all great ones know
That latest scourge, the Plague of Letters!
The "teacup times of hood and hoop,"
Were happier than our tea-and-toast age,
Its sages were not forced to stoop
To thraldom of the Penny Postage:
But we, my Statesman, we, my Bard,
Are victims to the march of Progress;
Civilisation hits us hard,
And seems sometimes, a cruel ogres.
Because that pen and ink are cheap,
Must every noodle, each Tom Noddy,
Scrabbled reams of foolscap on one heap,
And crush the life from out a body?
Because Sir ROWLAND HILL was wise,
And HENRY FAWCETT 'cute and clever,
Must questions crass that urge replies,
Rob one of rest and peace for ever?
Alas! it little boots to ask!
To argue with the fool or fribble,
Is just a useless endless task.
Donkeys will bray, and dolts will scribble.
Pages of twaddle, reams of rot,
Will lade our postmen, pile our tables.
Were sea-wires cheap,—thank Heaven, they're not!—
They'd send us epics through the Cables!
They'll not turn off the tap, be sure,—
'Tis mighty little use to ask it.
There's only one effective cure,—
Silence,—and the Waste Paper Basket!

The Tally-ho Muzzle.

SIR.—As muzzles are in fashion just now, and as every dog ought to have his day, why not muzzle the fox-hounds? Yours truly, BRER FOX.

P.S.—Ole Man Otter and Brer Stag would be of my way of thinking, I fancy.

OLD SAW RE-SET (for the use of Party Cabinet-makers).—As the Rad is bent the Whig inclines.

Turtels was fishes, and was cort with strings and hooks like all other fishes; but we all lives and lerns, waiters and all. The next pint is, why carn't the farmers grow more? And the final won is, what on erth is to become of the Livvry Compennys and the grand old Cop-herashun? And larsty, but not leastly, wot's to become of Hus!

But a trewce to these sollem thorts, tho' they will force their wild way in wot shoud be this appy season.

We shall have no less than five young Waiters to inishiate into the misterrys of our craft, but these are of course both private and confidenshal. But I may say as I have seed a yung feller turn quite pail with emoshun shortly after he had drunk his werry larst pledge.

The hurly munse of the year I shall deddicate, as usual, to my City frends. They are a nice stiddy set; and wester Mr. PAR-SELL is made King of Ireland, as sum thinks likely, and his 80 yung men sent to Dubling to sit in a Parlymint of their own, which none of us woodn't regret, or weather they all has their desserts, as is ony rite and proper, the currants of their nobel lives wood flow as usual, and they would require our priceless services as usual. About the beginning of May I shall have jest a week or two at Grinnidge, as that's the rite time for White Bate, a delly-easy to witch I am particuler parhal, wen in season. The kind of stuff we has to and round about this time under that honored name is enuff to make the holdest waiter blush. But I quite intends to dewote the principle part of my summer to the Injinian Exhibishun. I'm told by them as nose the principle swells as is comming to it, that they are that rich that they never has nothink but gold about 'em, and never takes no change! Wat a idear! It fulfils the dream of my hurly manhood, and, as Brownx says, amost realizes the waiter's hevven!

To return to my hurly hengagements. I have receeved my usual notices for Twelf Nite, wen for the Children's Fancy Ball at the



THE GLADSTONE NEW YEAR CARD TRICK; OR, ONE UP HIS SLEEVE!

Manshun House, and wun for Twelf Cake at Drewry Lane Theatre after the Pantermine; and if they are ekal to last year's, as they are sure to be, my heavening will be spent amung the hangleys, and my nite amung the Fairys. Wat a thort! Wat a idear! The werry thort makes me poetical, and I busts into Tennysonian werser!

"I've often herd of Angels in an ouze,

And longed to look upon the little dearie,

But thanks to Lord Marc STAPLES and King HARRIS,

I've gased with rapahur both on them and Fairys!"

How it brings one down to the werry prose of life wen one has to explain, in the best way one can, to one's much bigger harf, how it is as fairys keeps sitch werry late hours!

I think, upon the hole, I can fairly look forrad to a Nappy New Year, and a reasonably good continuence of the same all through. I'm told as mischeef is a brewing, but it must be prehus bad mischeef indeed as lets a man go without his dinner. If it's a going for

to be a fite between surtian two gents as both wants to play fust fiddle, witch of course they carnt both do, I shod wenture, with all becoming umility, to proesfy as that the gent of the two as has the best appytight, and spends the most time over the principle ewent of the day, that is, his dinner, will win in a kanter, with both hands down. And so wishing both them werry respectabel gents well out of their trubbles, and a Nappy New Year, I beg to jine in the seasonable wish all my werry good frends, and all the werry poor, as wants 'em wust of all, but seldumest gets 'em,

ROBERT.

On the Cards.

How many more? What greater, dearer names
Of clever Artists and of jingling Bards?
What is the most expensive of all games?—
Beggar my Neighbour—played with Christmas Cards!

THE LATEST FAUST; OR, WILLS'S SMOKING MIXTURE.

I SAW the first representation of the Lyceum *Faust*, and considering that it was the first night of *Faust*, it was *Faust*-rate. But many things have happened since then, and I believe that several effects, not shown to the audience then, are on view now. Time works wonders, and so Time was called into work these which would not move on that eventful evening. For my part, and for the actors' parts, I consider a first representation of any play as only a supremely good rehearsal in the presence of critics who are to suggest improvements. Several things that ought to have been done, as I am informed, were left undone on the first night; and from my own observation, I can affirm that about a quarter of what we saw and heard could very well have been dispensed with. The scene, for instance, between *Mephistopheles* and the *Student* should have been left out altogether, as it is of no value whatever, and simply delays the action without developing character.



Mephistopheles Movement taken and-Dante; or, giving to Ary Scheffer a Local Habitation and a Name.

The "marriage move" — a concession to respectability on the part of "weak WILLS" — is a mistake; so is *Marguerite's* keen eye to wedlock. The rage of *Mephistopheles* is quite out of character, but it gives Mr. IRVING what is termed "an actor's chance," and, as it was delivered with subtle discrimination and genuine dramatic effect, this is not on the list of things we could do without. Much that Mr. WILLS evidently considers humorous could be omitted with advantage, and this would relieve the play of the boors in the Swizzle-house-and-Cathedral scene, and we should "come to Hecuba" — that is, *Marguerite* — much sooner than we did on the first night. The climbing *Ghost*, bearing a curious resemblance to Mr. GLADSTONE, who has been going up, up, up, for three hundred years, and who can't "get rest at home, or peace abroad," should be left speechless, as he comes up breathless. The awful *Brocken* scene, so-called from the fireworks — the scene being a regular "Brock'un" — might be shortened by the omission of a demoniac laugh or two, which have, what Mr. MANTALINI would have described as "a dem'd private-madhouse sort of manner about them." The sounds in the *Parrot House* at the Zoo are harmonious in comparison with this Chorus of Witches. But short or long, it is a wonderful scenic effect. Mr. IRVING, in his make-up, has imitated the *Mephistopheles* of ARY SCHEFFER, — a great temptation to write ARRY SCHEFFER, — but I state this "on information received" as I only imperfectly recall the picture; but in imbuing this pictorial conception with stage-life, Mr. IRVING must have foreseen that an audience would at once exclaim on his first appearance in *Faust's* study, "Why, hallo! What's DANTE doing here?"

Mr. CONWAY as old *Faust* was not old enough; but that was full ten days ago, and he is probably older and wiser since then, — but his young *Faust* wasn't by any means young enough, as he looked quite thirty-five; though, on second thoughts, this may have been due to the artfulness of *Mephisto*, who did his victim out of thirteen years of the compact.

I felt one great regret throughout — that it was not the Opera. It seemed to lack something, and that something, it gradually grew upon me, was the music and the singing. I remember the play years ago, when CHARLES KEAN was *Mephistopheles*, DAVID FISHER *Faust*, CARLOTTA LECLERCQ *Marguerite* (with an ascension à la St. Catherine to finish), MRS. WINSTANLEY as buxom and comely *Dame Martha*, CATHCART *Valentine*, and SAKER the comic *Siebel*. It was a capital

acting play and much impressed my youthful imagination. Then, years after, came GOUNOD's Opera, and it seems to me — though before the experiment I should have protested strongly against any such objection — that however excellent a drama on this subject might be, it must disappoint all who are familiar with the Opera. *Marguerite* and *Faust* are no longer GOETHE's lovers, but GOUNOD's soprano and tenor. What are the jewels without that still greater jewel, the song? What the parting to meet again without the great duett? What is the return of the soldiers without the March? And *Mephistopheles* with the mandoline, but without the serenade, is a cruel mockery.

The sort of Jacob's ladder of angels, at the end, reminded me of the tableau in *Queen Katherine's* dream, and is not, I fancy, so effective as the St. Catherine picture of the old Princess's version. But it was late, and I did not obtain more than a glimpse of it as I hurried out to get "first keb." These are only my impressions on the first representation of a piece which all London and the Country will throng to see for the next six or eight months. Even on the first night I thought Miss TERRY, despite all nervousness, a charming *Marguerite*, and Mr. IRVING's *Mephistopheles* a most striking and artistic performance. I should be inclined to say that, taking his reading of the part for granted, it was as nearly faultless as possible. A play, illustrated with so much fire, and such brilliant flashes of electricity, can never be dull; besides, should it even exhibit any tendency to become slow, *Mephistopheles* at once gives a cue and gets the steam up, and at another time he makes some caustic remark which at once dispels the vapours. What with the steam and the fireworks, and the vaporous mists, this new version might well be called "WILLS's Smoking Mixture." It sounds a difficult thing to achieve, but it is no less the fact, that the steam was overdone. It came up so frequently as to suggest the notion of the District Railway being underneath with rather imperfect blow-holes. Some of this steam has been blown off by now, no doubt, and Mr. IRVING has probably found it necessary also to curb the poetic ardour of Mr. WILLS, and to make a considerable reduction on taking a quantity of WILLS's Mixture, which, though not dramatically strong, is a carefully prepared version of GOETHE's poem. If, as Mr. IRVING, in his after-play speech, expressed a hope it would, the present production induces the Public to read the original German, then CORNEY GRAIN and the talented company of the National Hall (St. George's) ought to give the Manager of the Lyceum a testimonial for such an excellent advertisement, as all play-goers will become regular German-Readers. I shall see it again, when more from

Yours, NIBBS.

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

I PICKED up the *Nineteenth Century*, one chilly autumn day, In the quest of something light, wherewith to while the time away, And I chance upon an essay (as I turned its pages o'er) Setting forth some thrilling facts, with which I'd never met before. For it proved — quite irrespective of the Christian point of view — That Mankind is one great family; that Pagan, Moslem, Jew, Whether white, or black as jet, or copper-coloured be their skin, Are, without the least exception, one another's kith and kin.

That the negro is my brother, is an axiom which, in youth, Was impressed upon my intellect as pure and solid truth; But I never quite believed it, for I somehow failed to see What connection could exist between a blackamoor and me. Still I'm willing to accept him as a cousin, out of hand — All the more so as he dwells in an extremely distant land; And I don't the least object to a Red Indian, or Malay As a relative, providing he keeps far enough away.

'Tis a fact of which the author, Mr. KENDALL, is cock-sure, That all Englishmen now living, high or low-born, rich or poor, Are descended from the people who inhabited this land, When King HAROLD, hard by Hastings, made his last heroic stand; That is, each and all of us, from each and ev'ry one who then Drew his breath, and had his being 'mongst the English sons of men. So that all we Anglo-Saxons of to-day, it would appear, Are own cousins to each other, from the peasant to the peer.

Were it possible a monarch or a beggar to revive, Who, eight centuries ago, in Merry England was alive, One of Nature's holiest impulses should prompt us to embrace, In that venerable personage, the Father of our race. And again, if any one of us with Death could make a pact His existence for just half-a-score of ages to protract, When that term should have expired he would occupy the post Of great grandpapa in common to the total human host.

I confess that I am gratified to find it clearly proved That Prince BISMARCK is my cousin, only twenty times removed; A distinction which he shares with GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B., And with swells galore, my kinsmen in the very same degree.

I may mention, just at hazard, half-a-dozen of their names—
ABDUL-HAMID, FRANCIS-JOSEPH, KALAKAUA, DAVID JAMES;
Not forgetting, too, that literary potentate, the SHAH,
Or the sanguinary Sovereign of Boriboola-Gha.

I'm connected with Her MAJESTY by consanguineous links
Which unite us in relationship much nearer than she thinks;
For we both descend from ALFRED in direct unbroken line,
And her lineage, down to RUFUS, is identical with mine.
Now I know that she's my cousin, it annoys me to reflect
That I've given her some reason to complain of my neglect;
So I'll write to her to-morrow just to say, as we're akin,
That I'll call on her whenever it may suit her to be in.

But, of all the startling facts that MR. KENDALL brings to light,
There is one that thrills my bosom with ineffable delight,
For it proves that all the inmates of the habitable earth
Were engaged, a thousand years ago, encompassing my birth.
And I think it is a thing of which a fellow may be proud,
When he finds himself by Science unexpectedly endowed
With four thousand million ancestors—which (MR. KENDALL says)
Was the number of my forefathers in good King ALFRED's days.

By the time that NORMAN WILLIAM had been laid beneath the sod,
My progenitors had dwindled down to sixteen million odd.
It surprised me, I admit, when first I learnt that, at that date,
The sum-total of Old England's population was so great;
But the author states it as a fact of which he has no doubt,
And a reverend essayist ought to know what he's about;
Though it seems a little odd that the historians and he
With respect to their statistics should so widely disagree.

From our parity of origin the dogma is inferred
That all titles of nobility are futile and absurd,
And that equal in their right to ev'ry foot of British soil
Are the heir to countless acres and the lowly son of toil.
Furthermore, each free-born Englishman—the essayist maintains—
Is as legally a monarch as the Sovereign who reigns;
And our ladies, bles their hearts! will learn with satisfaction keen
That there is not one among 'em who is not by birth a Queen.

For my kingship, I confess, I don't particularly care;
But, if land be common property, I mean to have my share,—
Something lucrative—it matters not how limited its space.
Say one-half of Regent Circus, or a block in Grosvenor Place.
To obtain what's justly due to me shall be my future task.
I intend henceforth my "relatives" incessantly to ask,
"In this new redistribution scheme, pray where do I come in,
If it be a fact, as KENDALL says, that All the World's Akin?"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY CAREER AS A DEPUTY ASSISTANT REVISING BARRISTER.

WITH praiseworthy caution, Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS (who it will be remembered gave me the appointment I have had the honour to hold amidst, I think I may venture to say, the heartfelt applause of the English-speaking race—I have received letters of congratulations, many of them—nay, to be quite accurate—most of them, with the postage unpaid, from all parts of the Empire, literally by hundreds); with praiseworthy caution, I repeat, his Lordship decided that the Reviser should have an Assistant, and that I, when necessary, should act as that Assistant's Deputy. Thus, there were three of us always available to adjudicate upon those claims which the newly enfranchised patriots (with the assistance of an electioneering agent) were so anxious to establish. As England rang with the news of what I then considered to be the brilliant *finale* to a long, and not altogether unsuccessful, forensic career, it is scarcely necessary to mention that the names of my Reviser and his Assistant were respectively, SEXTON BOOMS and DOUGLAS CRACKER, although it may be as well to point out, for the instruction of laymen, that it was my duty to be always at hand to represent CRACKER, as in like manner it was the duty of CRACKER to be continually at the Reviser's elbow, to represent him in cases of emergency. Unhappily there was a backslider among us. DOUGLAS CRACKER (with whom I was naturally more closely associated than the Reviser) in spite of my remonstrances, flatly refused to follow his chief about, so as to be ready at a moment's notice to take up his duties, preferring to spend his time in frivolous visits to various well-known pleasure-resorts of a more or less agreeable character. This was most embarrassing to me personally, as of course, as CRACKER's Deputy, I was forced to be continually with him, and had to follow him from Torquay to Scarborough, Boulogne to Eastbourne, and Monte Carlo to a place hitherto unknown to me, called Fogborough-on-the-Snooze. It was here that he suggested we should part company.

"You see," he argued, "all this constant travelling (and I have

such a volatile temperament that I really cannot keep three days together in one place, except perhaps here where I might remain for months examining the myriad monuments in the Cemetery) must be very injurious to your wife and the children."

"Well," I replied, "we certainly did intend to spend the boys' holidays quietly at Southend, and the fares to Monaco and back were perhaps a little beyond our means, and unquestionably more than we should have had to pay from Fenchurch Street to the Essex watering-place; but my dear fellow, I have not the slightest wish to control your movements, and should feel much annoyed if any conduct of mine induced you to consider me an incubus."

"Oh, not at all," he replied, but not very heartily.

After further discussion it was arranged that my wife and family should proceed to Southend, to spend the remainder of the holidays, while I accompanied DOUGLAS CRACKER to Margate, where, it appeared, his Doctor had ordered him to undergo a mild course of idleness and relaxation.

We took up our quarters in the Thanet Sanatorium at a boarding-house of my official double's selection. The company assembling daily at the *table-d'hôte* were numerous, and fairly select. Rather to my annoyance, CRACKER attached himself to a very commanding widow of forbidding appearance, whose sentiments on Woman's Rights and kindred subjects were entirely antagonistic to my own. He accompanied her everywhere—now on a long walk to Ramsgate, now to a picnic at the Reculvers, yet again following that well-known delight of seafaring Nimrods, the Thanet Harriers. I must confess that the annoyance of having to accompany the Assistant Revising Barrister in the character of his Deputy was much mitigated by the fact that the strong-minded widow had a rather well-favoured daughter, of agreeable manners, whose escort naturally became my care on our *partie Carré*. At the Reculvers, as we missed CRACKER and her Mamma, Miss REBECCA SARAH and myself spent the greater part of the day together, an occurrence which was repeated subsequently in our burst after the Harriers, both the young lady and myself being rather slow after hounds (especially in a rock and sea-weed county), and, consequently, being unable to keep up with the first flight, in which CRACKER and the widow (whose hired hach had bolted) prominently figured.

It was two days after our hunt over the sands, that CRACKER, with an unusually grave face, told me that he wished to speak to me.

"My dear fellow," he said, after a little humming and hawing, "it is well to be frank with you, and to refer to a subject which must be in both our thoughts. How could you have been so imprudent? And you a married man!"

I blushed up to the roots of my hair, and then turned white. If there is one thing upon which I pride myself, it is my loyalty to my hearth and home—a loyalty that I feel, were it to waver, would cause most unpleasant consequences, as my wife happens to be of an extremely jealous temperament.

"What do you mean?" I faltered.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed CRACKER. "You know all about it. What could have induced you to propose to Miss REBECCA SARAH? Why, it must end in either Breach of Promise or Bigamy!"

"Propose!" I repeated, perfectly aghast with surprise and horror. I sat down and nearly fainted. Need I say that I thought of my dear innocent, but unduly suspicious and incredulous wife. Seeing my extreme agitation, CRACKER did his best to console me. It appeared that Miss REBECCA SARAH had entirely mistaken the character of my civilities, and informed her mother that I was desirous of entering with her into the marriage state. How I cursed my lack of foresight, in not telling the love-lorn maiden, during our initial wandering by the sad sea wavelets, that I already belonged to another! But at the moment such a piece of information seemed, somehow, strangely out of place, and it never occurred to me, subsequently, to mend my personal description.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" I cried, burying my face in my hands. "There is nothing in her charge, but the mere raising of it will bring upon me untold misery!"

"Well, I think I can help you," said CRACKER, after a pause. "Of course, what I am going to say to you, is in strict confidence; but the fact is, the widow is making-up desperately to me, and is prepared to follow me anywhere. Well, suppose I go to Folkestone, she will come there too—bringing with her her daughter. Then you can quietly return to Southend and remain there till the storm has blown over. Do you follow me?"

And the plan (not without arousing some suspicion on the part of my wife) was carried out. But, being a conscientious man, I felt it my duty, as I was unable to accompany CRACKER everywhere, to resign my Deputy Assistant Revisership. I have consequently resigned.

And now the anonymous and reptile-like correspondent who recently sent me an envelope (unstamped) containing about a pound of coal-powder, with the question (written on a dirty piece of paper), "Why my name did not appear during the General Election," is answered!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

Mariana. "YOU SEEM VERY MUCH ATTRACTED BY THAT MR. SOMERVILLE, BELLA. YOU WENT IN TO SUPPER WITH HIM TWICE TO-NIGHT! HE'S NOT RICH, HE'S NOT YOUNG, HE'S NEITHER CLEVER, NOR GOOD-LOOKING! WHAT IS HIS PARTICULAR CHARM?"
 Bella (pensively, after a pause). "HE HATES MAYONNAISE. SO DO I!"

OFF!

OFF! On the crest of one more swift declivity!
 Far lies before us the soft snowy slope!
 Prospect, delightful to youth and activity,
 Dowered with daring, and glowing with hope.
 Sport, nothing more, so it looks to the eyes of him,
 Light-hearted younker; but dangers down there
 Yet may crop up, to the shock and surprise of him,
 Foised for his flight with so jaunty an air.
 Fair seems the start, and the fates smile auspiciously,
 Ever when youth is agog for the race.
 Does not the crisp winter-breeze blow deliciously,
 Bringing health's flush into boyhood's brave face?
 Out on the sun-season's languorous lassitude!
 Summer delights may be grateful, perchance,
 When crabbed age comes with chillness and crassitude;
 Winter's brisk flouts set youth's pulses a-dance.
 Softly, my lad! The keen joys of tobogganing
 Sometimes are varied by *cahots*, or bumps.
 Youth, in despite of its valorous sloganizing,
 Thumping of pig-skin and blaring of trumps,
 Spite of its proudly precipitate perkiness,
 Finds its fair course, and its flashing career,
 Broken by jolting, and hindered by jerkiness.
 Just ask your starter, the fading Old Year.
 He, too, is "off" in a different sense, you know,
 He of the sport you are eager upon,
 Hath an experience late and immense, you know,
 Stoop to a "tip" ere the Old One is gone!
 He will inform you he started as pleasantly,
 Fully as sanguine, and equally smart;

Tell you that troubles and tumbles came presently,
 Ere he had got many yards from the start.

He will assure you, that rapidly rocketing
 Down the Toboggan-hill isn't quite *all*.
 Buffets and bumps you will have to be pocketing.
 Happy if dodging a spill and a sprawl.

He will acquaint you that steering is ticklish,
 Down such a slide when the motion 's so swift;
 Tell you that Toboggan Fortune—she's fickleish!—
 Lands lots of wooers, waist deep, in a drift.

Well, well, my boy, *Punch* would not greet you croakingly
 Let's make the start with gay humour and pluck;
 Dangers, delights, facing jocundly, jokingly,
 Never despondent or down on our luck.

Keep your eyes peeled, sit square down in your sled, my lad,
 Risks do not funk, at good counsel don't scoff.
Punch can but wish you sound heart and cool head, my lad.
 Here's to your health, my Young Year! And now—Off!

Not for Joe!

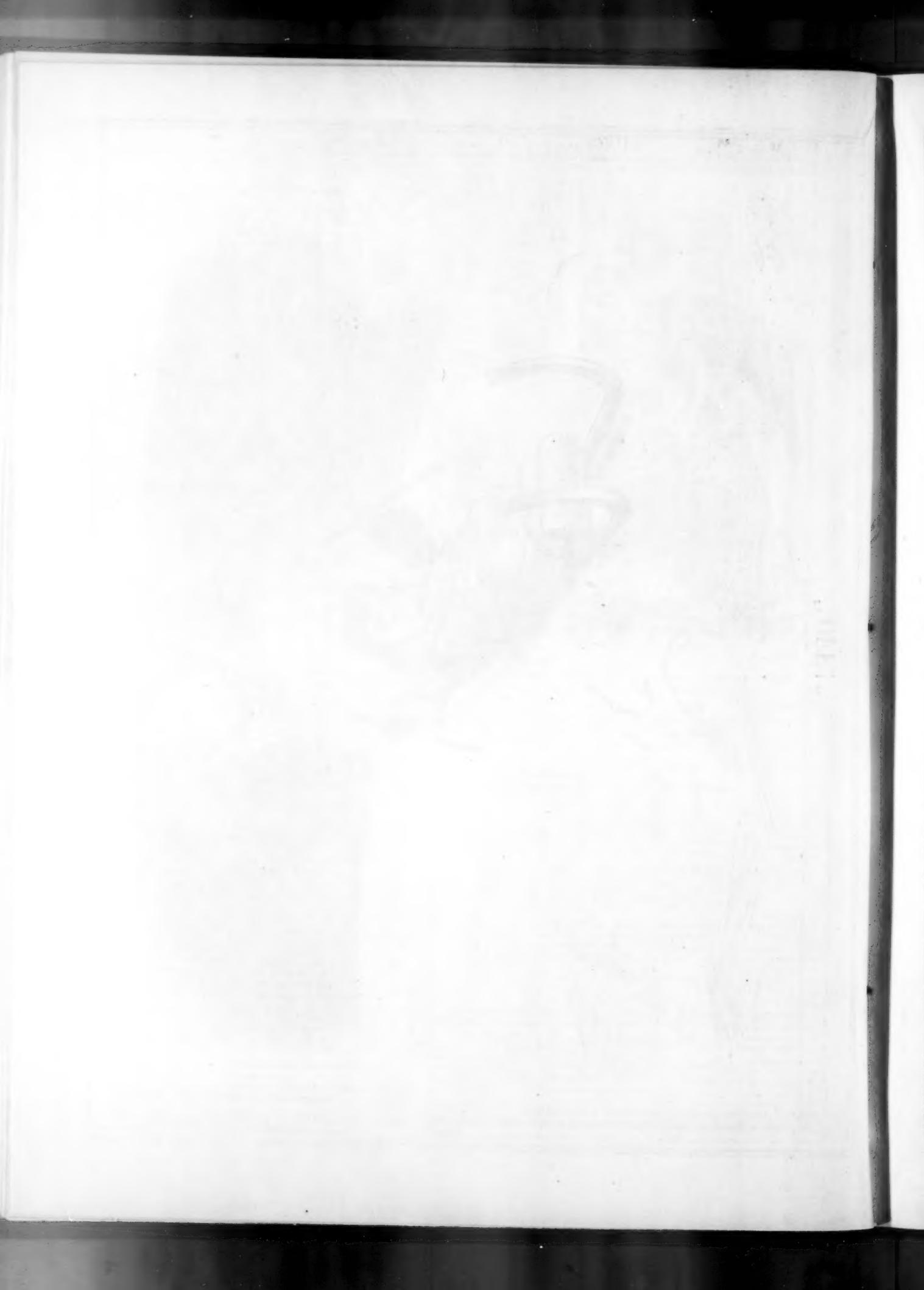
[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN regrets his inability to be present at the dinner at Chester, on December 29, in honour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S birthday.]

Oh yes, I'll remember that day in December;
 But this seems a season of plot;
 And so I've a reason—I trust it's no treason—
 To say that attend I cannot!

A TRUCE TO POLITICS.—Yes, there is at this festive season; but
 at the same time what a remarkable prevalence of Evening Party
 spirit.



“OFF! ”





THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Professor Proseworthy. "WHEN DID YOU SAY THIS CHURCH WAS RESTORED?"
The Rectoress. "LET ME SEE—IT WAS RESTORED WHEN I WAS A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN." *Professor Proseworthy.* "WHAT! SO LONG AGO AS THAT!"

FOR THE FIRST.

(*A Couple of New Year's Resolutions—registered.*)

At Hawarden.—Resolved, somehow or other, to "get in." *Mem.* To be, with a view to this, more careful in the coming year to avoid any approach to explicit declaration on any policy whatever. I must not, spite the gravest and most alluring temptations, suffer myself, under any consideration, to be drawn, either into uttering any disclaimer, or making any avowal. *Mem.* again, To curb *HERBERT* in his improvident, and but partially considered expression of opinion which, fathomed on to me, entails on me either the silence of acquiescence or the still greater inconvenience of public repudiation. I must speak to him about this. Also, if I can see my way to it, I must manage to have some serious talk with *HARTINGTON*. He surely must be contented to follow where I am disposed to lead. He sees no reason, he says, "to depart, in any degree, from the declarations which he has made, or the opinions he has expressed." This will surely depend on circumstances. *Mem.* To impress this upon him, and point out the possibility, under certain conceivable conditions, of not only one, but all of us being compelled to depart in every degree from the declarations which we may have made, and the opinions we may have expressed. To fail to realise this, is to be deficient in the bare understanding of elastic Statesmanship. It is to undervalue the true meaning of the word majority, and for a mere whim, be willing and prepared to forego its advantages, and sacrifice its emoluments. Certainly, I must speak to *HARTINGTON*. With regard to *DILKE*, I feel more constrained. I do not, I admit, understand his attitude. It would almost savour of opposition. Yet it cannot be that, for it would be too grotesque. *CHAMBERLAIN*, too, has shown some curious signs. *Mem.* To investigate the causes of this, and set it right. For to set it right must be an easy matter, seeing that

neither the one nor the other have any existence whatever outside of, or apart from me. I must teach them this. Taking a broad and comprehensive view of the situation, however, I note only one thing clearly, and that is, that *coute que coute*, I must, somehow hold on, and get in.

From Hatfield.—Resolved to stay in at all hazards, this is the conclusion we have come to. How we shall manage it is another matter. I am free to confess that a Dublin Parliament does not frighten me, but the difficulty will be to give it them, in the face of our own Irish Members, whom I fear nothing, not even the paramount importance of our staying in, will square. What is to be done? *CHURCHILL*, who feels hotly about the ungracious indelicacy of their attitude, will not be able to argue them out of it. No, with all his eloquence he won't be able to manipulate or manoeuvre a single vote. On the other hand, to abandon *PARNELL* will be to challenge defeat. Yet defeat must be avoided, at all hazards. It is very doubtful to me what I ought to do. Only one duty is clearly marked out before me, and that is, to stay in. Would any compromise with the Whigs assist this end? A stern front to the Nationalists, and a vigorous coercive programme, might gain us sufficient support in this direction. Anyhow, the idea is worth a venture. "A Dublin Parliament and divided Empire" on the one hand, or, on the other, "Integrity and Coercion"—either cry might suit our book. The question is, which is it to be? The answer is, unfortunately, dubious. One asks aghast, which promises to us the longest lease of the Treasury Bench. *Mem.* Half a mind to toss up for it, the outlook is so uncertain. Meantime, discretion counsels reticence. Resolved, therefore, to wait upon events, and know only one settled purpose, and that is, *coute que coute*—to hold on, and to stay in.

MEPHISTOPOHELES AS TO FAUST.—Guide, Philosopher, and Fiend.

WATCHWORDS ON THE "VISTA."

(*By an Advanced Seer, with indebtedness to the G.O.M.*)

In the dim and distant Future
 What a wondrous Vista looms
 In perspective; so you shoot your
 Eye right through a suite of rooms.
 I, jackdaw-like, from a steeple
 Take a sight—a bird's-eye view—
 At the Palace of the People,
 Where they reign and govern too.

Shapes, as in a dream, steal o'er me.
 What's that yonder? Can it be a
 Bishop that I see before me?
 Something gives me that idea.
 Yes, I see he wears an apron;
 On his brow there sits a cloud.
 Lo, his shovel-hat a paper on,
 "Disestablished, Disendowed!"

Strawberry leaves there goes one wearing
 Round his coronet; in mine ear
 Meanwhile airy tongues declaring
 "Though a Duke, he's not a Peer."
 Do I mere hallucinations
 Mark before my mind's eye dance,
 Or discern prognostications
 From developed clairvoyance?

Stand you ancient oaks yet stable?
 Are they older still to wax?
 Or, within a measurable
 Distance of the Woodman's axe?
 But in mist and doubtful change of
 Scene, the distant Future ends;
 For the Vista far the range of
 Practical Politics transcends.

HOW TO SQUARE THE CIRCLE AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.—
 Give 'em a handsome tip all round.

Reasonable Complaint.

WHEN winter is so very mild,
 The Skater is uncommon riled;
 And justly so, one understands,
 To find his skates upon his hands.

THE DOG QUESTION.—*Cur*, why?

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 27.



THE CARLTON CLUB DURING THE GENERAL ELECTION.

GRANDPAPA'S NEW YEAR.

MANY Happy New Years? Thank you. I've seen many—
Can expect, at the furthest, but very few more;
Happy Old Years behind me remember not any—
Don't believe in a happier New Year before.
No Elixir of Life could me rejuvenescence
Procure, e'en if ready the "Old One" to pay,
Modern Chemistry's own self supplies no such essence
To reverse Nature's course of decline and decay.

I might have many Happy New Years, as you wish me—
Same to you—if perpetual youth were my own,
And a property out of which no one could dash me,
If I did but possess the Philosopher's Stone.
Then itself for its own sake would Life be worth living,
Not alone for the fear that a worse might ensue,
As suggested by many disposed to misgiving :
But for my part I don't take the Pessimist view.

FROM OUR OWN EXAM.

Q. Illustrate what is meant by "A Tower of Strength."
A. A Dray-horse used as the horse of a canal barge.

ECHO'S ANSWER.

Ver. What would you, in your neo-Jacobin polity,
Now give us for "the quality"?
Echo. E-quality!

POLITICAL ARITHMETIC.

(By a Puzzled Non-partisan.)

THEIR multiplication is mystification,
Their addition is falsehood plus fad;
Their rule of three is pure fiddlededee,
And their practice is Cocker gone mad!

NOTIONS OF "CHURCH REFORM."

It is averred that "high Authorities, including one or both Houses of Convocation, have more or less definitely sanctioned the appointment of Parochial Councils." This idea, if carried out, will be a novelty in ecclesiastical affairs. Fancy a Council of Paddington, or St. Pancras, a Council of Camberwell, a Council of Clapham, a Council of Kensington, or Acton, a Council of Upton-cum-Chalvey, or a Council of Stoke-Pogis! Or what would you say to a Synod of Somers Town? Hardly ecumenical any such council, and certainly with Vestrymen present as lay assessors, nothing like Nice.

CONSOLATION.

GLADSTONE is not *all* mutability,
You bet your bottom dollar;
He changes *front* with much agility,
But never alters *collar*!

HARBOUR Lights not so brilliant as the *Lights of London*, visible
some time ago. Lights wanted trimming when we saw them. More anon.



RETRIBUTION.

Little City Man. "YETH, THEY TURNED MY COUHTIN OUT, BUT HE 'LL THERVE 'EM OUT FOR IT, YOU THEE IF HE DOETHN'T!"
Friend. "How's THAT?" *City Man.* "THELL HIS PLATHE, AND CUT THE COUNTY!!"

JOHN BULL AND JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

"I should like to see this Government drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation which they have filled for themselves."—*Birmingham Speech*, December 17.

JO CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo,—JOHN
 Has still his word to say;
 Although you rate him low, JOHN
 Was not born yesterday:
 Though acres three seem fair to men,
 And cows in fancy low,
 Yet Bulls will answer now and then,
 Jo CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo!

There's Radical and Radical;
 In that time-honoured throng
 Men stout and bold have battled all
 'Gainst many a grievous wrong;
 Then think you never man on earth
 That sturdy name might owe,
 Till Birmingham brought you to birth,
 Jo CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo?

So loud your trumpets clang and clang,
 That doubts JOHN often feels,
 Bewildered by the "*sturm und drang*,"
 Which are his head and heels:
 For Liberal Captains staunch and true,
 Is he bestead so sorely,
 That he's but MORLEY, DILKE, and you,
 And—*you*, and DILKE, and MORLEY?

Is FORSTER but a poor pretence?
 Is GOSCHEN but a traitor?
 Upon a Tory providence
 Is HARTINGTON a waiter?

Is GLADSTONE but the Tame Old Man
 Whose strings you deign to pull?
 You've much to do before you can
 Prove all these facts to BULL.

Observe, good JOSEPH, if you're wise,
 The Winkles you condemn
 Got pretty round majorities,
 To show my trust in them:
 Would you my loyal servant stay,
 (I'm steadfast, if I'm slow,)
 A little modesty, I pray,
 Jo CHAMBERLAIN, my Jo!

You'd have your foes "drain to the dregs"
 The cup you say they fill?
 If so, JOHN BULL your pardon begs—
 He pays the liquor-bill.
 Ye Jacobins and Josephins,
 'Tis time to think, you know,
 Least of yourselves and Outs and Ins,
 And more of me—come, Jo!

ROBBING THE ROBINS.—An Anti-Plumage League is about to be formed in protest against the prevailing fashion of wearing birds and birds' feathers as ornaments. This fashion seems now to be carried to an absurdly wanton excess. Hosts of small singing birds sometimes adorn a single article of feminine apparel. We hear of a hundred canaries on one dress, great garlands of robins' wings on another. *Punch* hopes the Anti-Plumage League, started by ladies, may succeed in checking a practice not creditable to their sex, and that the motto of the ungently garlanded dame and her imitators may henceforth be, "Never again with you, Robin!"

WILL ON BOBBIES AND DOGS.

"BOBBY will throw his hook at them.
 Avant, you curs!
 Be thy mouth or black or white,
 Tooth that poisons if it bite;
 Mastiff, Greyhound, Mongrel grim,
 Hound or Spaniel, brach or lym,
 Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail.
 Bobby makes them weep and wail:
 For, by throwing of thy noose,
 Spinners and scribes their pets will lose!"
Lear, Act iii., Sc. 6, very slightly altered.

A JOB! A PALPABLE JOB!

It is announced that Mr. GRAHAM, Master in Lunacy, has been appointed Clerk of the Parliaments, an office with £3,000 a year to get, and the recipient not overworked at the price. The man for the post was Sir T. ERSKINE MAY, whose services in the House of Commons have been invaluable, and deserve anything that the country can provide in the way of promotion and emolument. But the highest authority on Parliamentary Procedure has been passed over in favour of a gentleman whom the more favoured portion of the world never heard of. It cannot be that there is any common ground for practice between a Master in Lunacy and the Clerk of the Parliaments in the House of Lords. Still less clear is it how the fact that Mr. GRAHAM is son-in-law to Lord CANNBROOK, who has the post to give away, is in itself a qualification. As Sir ROBERT PEEL would say, the whole thing smells of a job. The British public do not like jobs of this kind, and Mr. *Punch* nails it to the wall.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

No. X.—FROM THE MARKISS.

Hatfield, Monday.



DEAR TOBY,

I WRITE primarily to wish you a Happy New Year, but take the opportunity to lay before you my position, and to ask your advice upon it. It is, truly, one of great difficulty. If the result of the General Election had been such as to give GL-DST-NE a small majority, over us, and the Parnellites—say, not to put too fine a point upon it, five—it would have been well. We would then have been masters of the situation—that is, of course, if we could have kept P-R-N-LI and his merry men straight. It is true there were not ten righteous men in Sodom, but in the Gomorrah of the Liberal Party there would surely have been found ten, or, peradventure, a score of Moderate Liberals who would, upon occasion, help us to save the State—that is to say, to turn out GL-DST-NE, and bring us in.

If the result had been to give us a substantial majority, it would have been better. As it is, it is nothing but desolation and despair. Counting the Parnellites true to us, we are in the ridiculous position of being six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other. Just half and half! Think of that, dear TOBY, for a man who has to carry on the Queen's Government. Six hundred and seventy Members of the House of Commons, and every individual man carrying in the palm of his hand the fate of the Government. J-S-PH G-LL-S poising himself at the Bar with thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, could upon a polled-out division, say whether we should live or die. We shall be a sort of Mahomet's Coffin-Government, hung 'twixt heaven and earth, and not sure at what moment, at the caprice of what individual, we may not be dashed to the ground.

These are reflections, TOBY, which dim the radiance of the New Year. It is mockery to wish a Happy New Year to a Minister thus situated. The question is, What am I to do? There are, I suppose, three courses open to me. Let us see what they are. In the first place, I might resign, and let GL-DST-NE come in to deal with this tangled skein. You know me well enough to believe that this is a course I am quite ready to take. I did not want to come in, and I am quite ready to go out. I am happier in opposition than in office. I am not then so hampered by stubborn facts, can use more strong language, and can with fuller freedom and effect make GR-NV-LLE sit up. But there are other people to be considered. There are Priests who want Bishoprics, Lawyers who yearn after Judgeships, Viscounts who hanker after Earldoms, Marquises who desire Duke-dom, my colleagues who want to stop in office, and behind them all good Conservatives in the House of Commons, who are ready to fill up vacancies. H-NC-RR has done an enormous damage by his declaration that we shall never be in office again. Of course, it isn't true, but it has frightened fellows, and the mere talk of resignation brings, what the late Mr. O'C-NN-LI might have called, a beastly buzzing about my ears. It is clear that I must hold on as long as finger-nails stand fast.

The second course, is to draw closer the alliance with P-R-N-LI, bring in a bold scheme of Home Rule, and dash the Liberals, as once the Whigs were dashed. That, I confess, is what I would do, if I dare, and so would R-ND-LPH. But dare I? Could I? I think not. First of all, P-R-N-LI is not to be trusted. He would take all I could, after infinite labour, induce our people to give him, and that secured, would immediately ask for more; and I could not give him anything like what would pacify him. D-SR-LI might, but there was only one D-SR-LI, and by his personal influence I cannot now profit. All the venomous Orangemen,

all the thick-headed Noodles of our Party (this is private and confidential) who cannot see beyond the length of their nose, would revolt, and we should be stabbed in the back.

The third course is, after all, the easiest and the safest. I dare not resign; I cannot carry Home Rule; but to beg I am not ashamed. I will beg the assistance of the Moderate Liberals, and, together with the Noodles aforesaid, we will resist P-R-N-LI and all his works. The probabilities are that thereupon GL-DST-NE will come to the front, will run up the Home-Rule flag, and then we will go to the country with the cry, "the Empire in danger!"

As I think of this, my spirits are uplifted. The very act of writing to you, my friend and counsellor, has cleared away the mists of depression that weighed upon me when I sat down. You will doubtless have seen the announcement that I was about to publish an Essay on "Multitubular Molecules." It shall be withdrawn. It came about in this way. Immediately after the tide turned in the Counties, I received a letter from J-M-S KN-WL-S asking me to write an Article for the "Nineteenth Century." I knew what that meant. As soon as ever GL-DST-NE is tottering to a fall, KN-WL-S writes to him for Articles in his Magazine. I was disappointed, and in low spirits, accepted the omen, and began the Essay. But, like the window in *Aladdin's* tower, it unfinished shall remain. I will go in for the Moderate Liberals, and my young men shall keep their offices, and continue to draw their salaries. With more heart I renew the wish for a Happy New Year,

And remain, yours truly, S-L-SB-RY.
TOBY, M.P., *The Kennel, Barks.*

PUTTING IT OFF.

THE continued delay of AHMED MOUKHTAR PASHA, the Turkish Commissioner, to start for Egypt, has at length produced a protest from Sir WILLIAM WHITE, to which the following excuses have been promptly rejoined. The Commissioner, who, however, has at last started, urged that he has had to delay his departure—

Because he had been waiting for his dress-coat to come home from his tailor's.

Because he is such a bad sailor that he hadn't liked to start till the wind changed.

Because he has been taking a few finishing lessons in Egyptian, on the Ollendorff system, to enable him to understand the Khedive when he gets there.

Because he wanted to have just one more confidential chat with Sir WILLIAM WHITE before he starts.

Because he had made all arrangements to leave next Tuesday.

Because he really did not know how Mr. GLADSTONE would take it.

Because he was not aware that there was any particular hurry.

Because he thought Lord SALISBURY might possibly have something further to say to him.

Because the Treasury had not yet provided him with his travelling expenses or even paid his fare.

Because he had been detained to take a hand at cribbage with the SULTAN.

And lastly, because if he had really thought Sir WILLIAM WHITE was in earnest about the matter, he would have seen to its being practically set on foot, and have gone on board before.

"A Penny for Your Thoughts."

[The complete works of the Poet Laureate are to be published at New York, in penny numbers.]

"I LISPED in numbers for the numbers came."

Sang POPE. The Muse's spirit never slumbers.

Lord TENNYSON can boast (almost) the same:

"I sing in (penny) numbers!"

A CASE FOR ARBITRATION.—Home Rule. As a question about breaking up the British Empire, refer it to the "Honest Broker." Everybody knows who that is, and if he would be kind enough to accept the reference, all parties might be recommended to abide the decision of Prince BISMARCK.

AS IF BY MAGIC!

The *Whitbush Review* contains the following, relative to a discovery of American origin, which is just now causing considerable stir throughout Great Britain: "The name has such a direct bearing upon human happiness that it has been made the subject of considerable comment and investigation on the part of various newspapers. As it is claimed that by the discovery in question an absolute specific has been found for the cure of certain most distressing ailments with which the human family is afflicted, and which have thus far baffled medical skill, and as these diseases, in their most aggravating forms are very prevalent in our moist and chilly climate, a representative of this journal was commissioned to investigate its merits by personal interview with parties who could speak from actual experience. From the results as given below it may well be claimed that the general adoption of this remarkable remedial agent will cause a revolution in the treatment of these painful complaints.

The first gentleman interviewed was Mr. William Howes, the well-known civil engineer, No. 68, Red Lion Street, High Holborn, London, who, it was learned, had made some personal experiments with the preparation in question. Mr. Howes stated that for over twenty years he had been constantly and severely afflicted with rheumatism. At times his hands had been swollen to twice their natural size. Again, his joints became so stiff and painful that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear his weight on them. He had at different times tried physicians, and many remedies which had been recommended to him as a cure for his complaints, but he derived no benefit whatever. An acquaintance, who had himself been cured of a severe rheumatic trouble, gave him a bottle of this new discovery, which he applied once, with such unexpected and marked benefit that he procured another, which, to use his own language, 'settled the business,' by removing the pain which he had not been free from for twenty years. Mr. Howes said that had he not used St. Jacobs Oil—the remedy referred to—he would now be in bed instead of attending to his business. He added, 'Its effects were simply magical. It produced a complete cure. I will also add that numerous friends and acquaintances, suffering from rheumatic and neuralgic affections, to whom I recommended the Oil, speak of it as wonderful. It seems to effect a cure in every case.'

"The name of Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, having been mentioned to the reporter, this gentleman's opinion was sought and cheerfully given in the following language:—'For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs,' remarked Mr. Palmer. 'After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, and having learned of the signal benefit which several friends, who had been suffering from severe rheumatism, derived from the Oil, I procured a bottle, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain. I do not hesitate to recommend it as a most valuable discovery.'

"It may be added that in its current number the *Magazine of Pharmacy, Chemistry, and Medicine* devotes considerable space to a discussion of the extraordinary power of St. Jacobs Oil, and cites some astonishing cures.

"It appears, also, that this remedy received no less than six gold medals during the past year at International and other Expositions. One of these was awarded at Calcutta, another at the great Southern Exposition in the United States."

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